

the lucky one to get that lower berth. As I never put much faith in the suggestion I did not put it to the test, but when coming home from New York last week I had to come a couple of days sooner than I expected and arrived at the ticket office about an hour before the train started. The impossible happened. I got a lower berth. I don't know when I have felt so puffed up. At last I was on terms of equality with the aristocrats of the travelling public. Their "gallusses" might still make a finer showing than mine in the dressing-room, but as I should n't have to wait for the porter to bring me a ladder I could probably beat them to the washbowls in the morning. The country habit of early rising would stand me in good stead in a competition of this kind. All the way up to Poughkeepsie I felt the dignity of being a lower-berth passenger and kept aloof from the common herd of people who have to climb to upper berths. Being new in my class I did not feel quite up to interviewing other lower-berthers and discussing high